

DOLL MAN



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A

AUTUMN ISSUE
No. 10

Quarterly

10¢



The **DOLL MAN**

mauls the
MURDER MARIONETTES,
grapples with
THE MAN CALLED GRIM,
and gambles with
THE GOOD SPORT!



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says *George F. Jowett*

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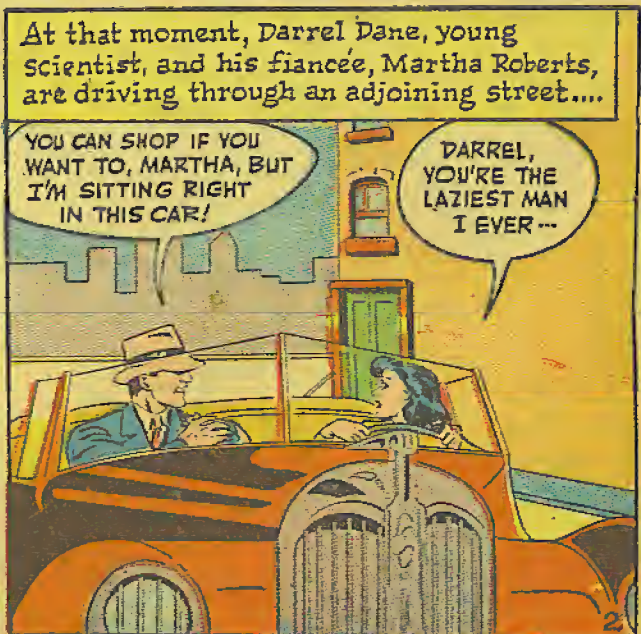
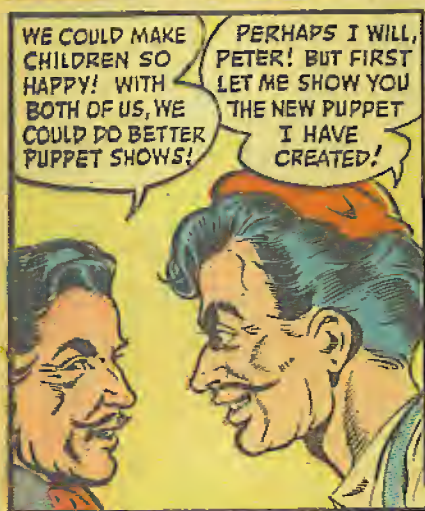
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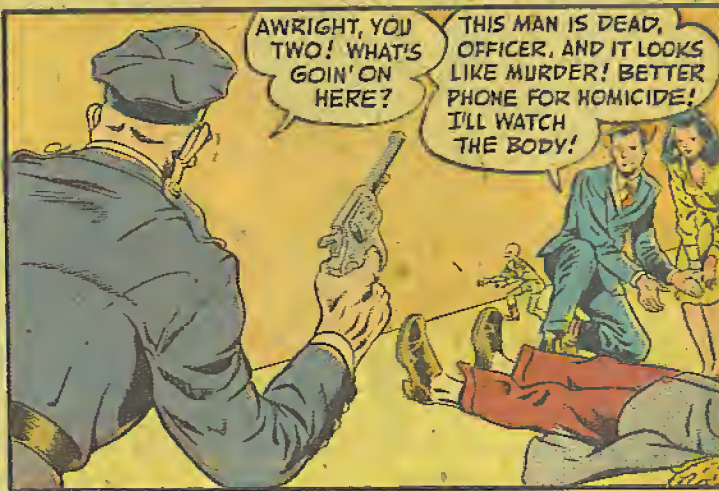
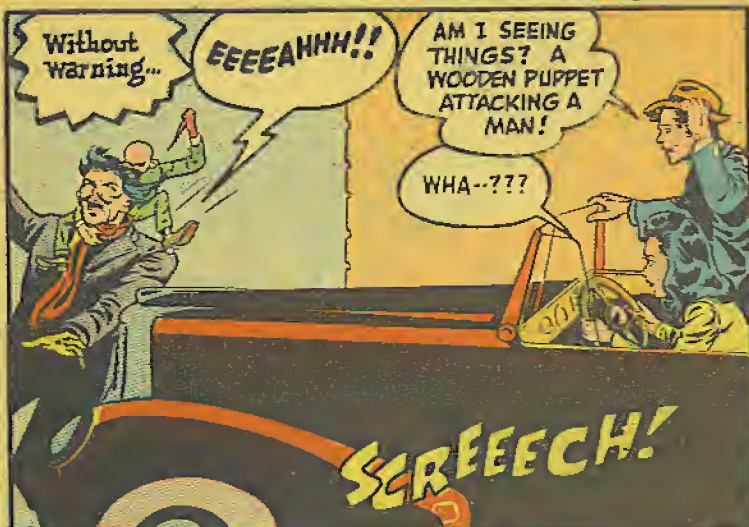
Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

The DOLL MAN



From the beginning of time, puppet shows have brought delight to young and old! Then came the sinister Bolini whose dancing dolls of death spread horror ... until The DOLL MAN battled a wooden rival to smash the deadly **MURDER MARIONETTES!**







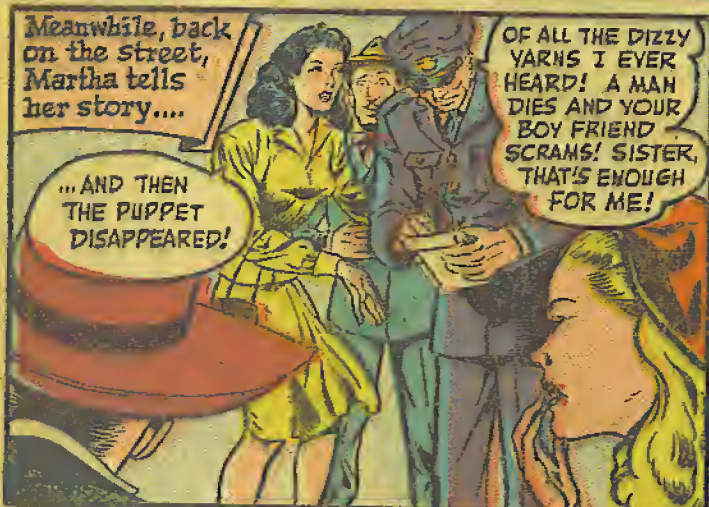
NO SIGNS OF THAT MURDEROUS PUPPET OR ANYONE WHO MIGHT HAVE CARRIED HIM OFF WHEN OUR BACKS WERE TURNED!



IT'S BEHIND ONE OF THOSE CLOSED DOORS AND I'LL FIND IT IF I HAVE TO BREAK INTO EVERY BUILDING ALONG THE ALLEY!



THIS IS THE MOST HIDEOUS, FANTASTIC MURDER I EVER WITNESSED--AND I HAVE A FEELING IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!



Meanwhile, back on the street, Martha tells her story...

...AND THEN THE PUPPET DISAPPEARED!

OF ALL THE DIZZY YARNS I EVER HEARD! A MAN DIES AND YOUR BOY FRIEND SCRAMS! SISTER, THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME!



I'M ARRESTING YOU AS ACCESSORY TO MURDER! COME ALONG!

OH...! YOU CAN'T! LET ME GO! I MUST FIND DARREL!



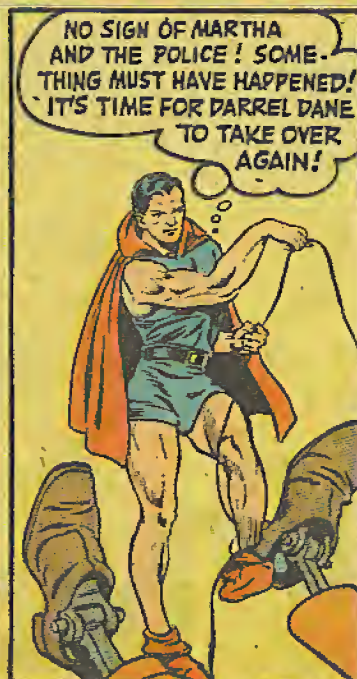
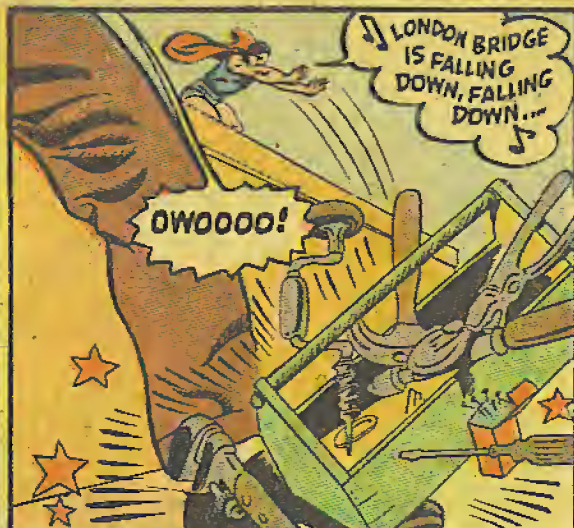
WHAT TH...?? COME BACK HERE, YOU! HALT... OODPS!

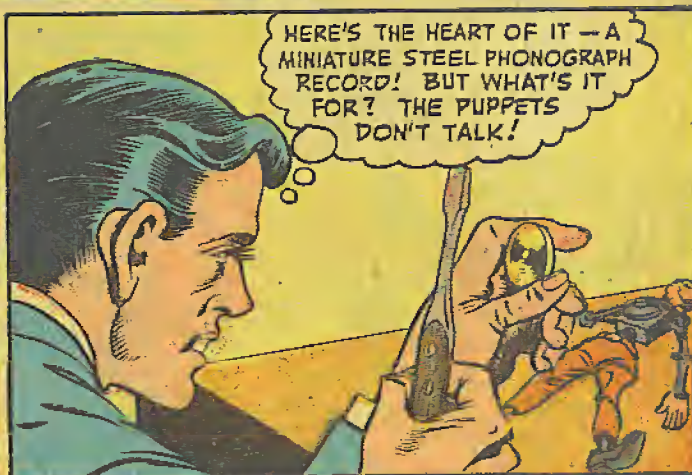
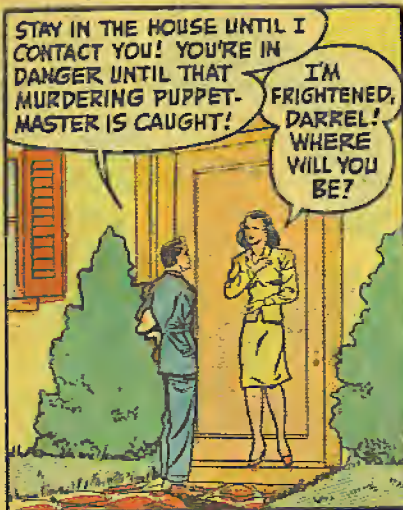
I'M FREE! I'VE GOT TO FIND DARREL! I HAVE AN AWFUL FEELING HE'S IN DANGER OR WILL BE SOON!



UNLESS I FIND DARREL, I CAN NEVER MAKE THEM BELIEVE MY STORY! IF ONLY THIS DOOR IS UNLOCKED, I CAN HIDE IN HERE!

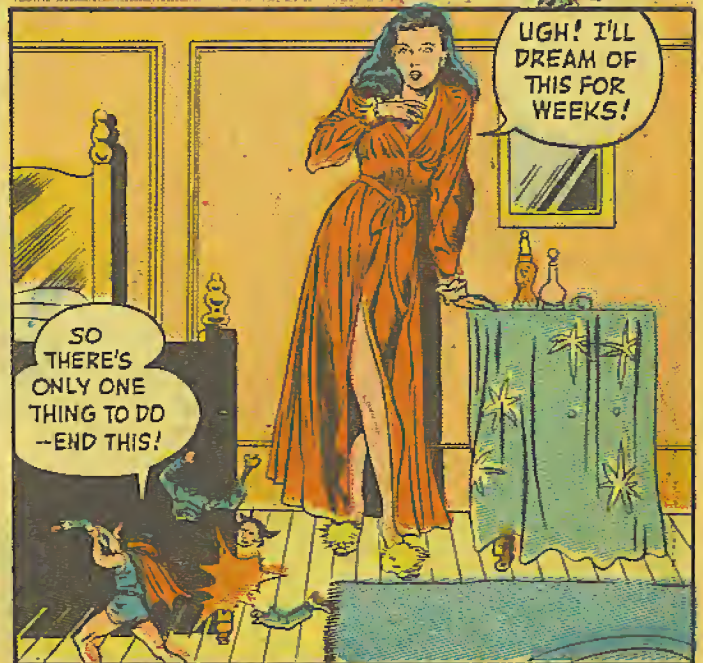
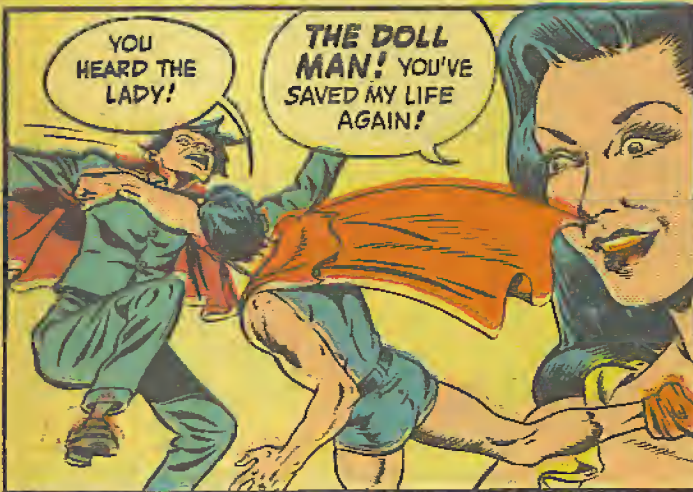






While the light burns on in Darrel Dane's laboratory, a small, sinister shadow races down the street...





I THINK YOU'RE SAFE FOR THE PRESENT, MARTHA! BUT DON'T TOUCH THAT TINY DAGGER! I'M POSITIVE IT'S POISONED!

THAT'S WHY THAT POOR MAN DIED WITHOUT A MARK ON HIM! THE DAGGER'S SO SMALL IT DOESN'T EVEN DRAW BLOOD!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

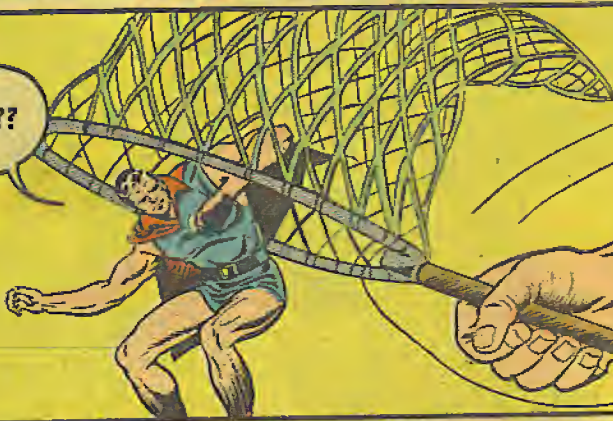
TO FIND THE PUPPET-MASTER, IF I CAN! HE MUST BE NEARBY, WAITING FOR HIS WOODEN KILLER TO RETURN!

I HOPE I WALK ENOUGH LIKE A PUPPET TO FOOL THAT FIEND IN THE DARKNESS!



WHA...???

RIGHT INTO MY TRAP, SMALL FOOL!



I HOPED YOU'D BE AROUND, DOLL MAN! I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU'D TRY TO TAKE THE PLACE OF MY PUPPET!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO OUGHT TO BE IN A NET!

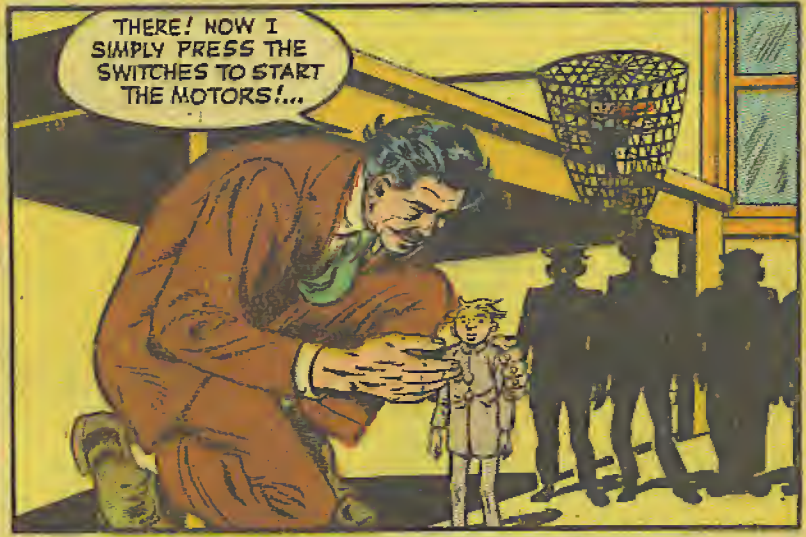
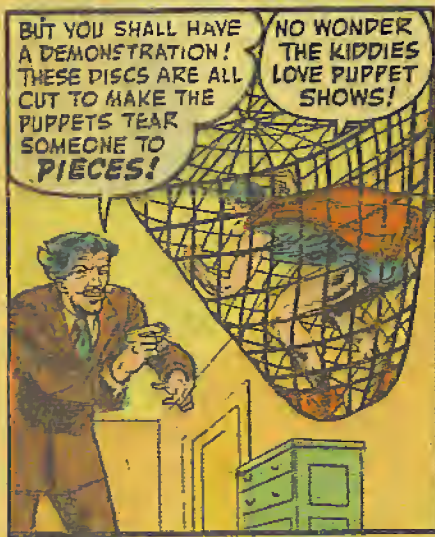
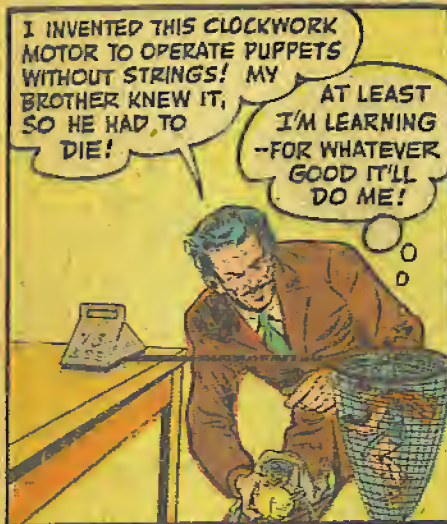
COME, DOLL MAN! I KNOW YOU'LL WANT TO SEE MY WORKSHOP AND HEAR ABOUT MY SCHEME!

WELL, I'M GETTING WHAT I WANTED - BUT NOW I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT IT!

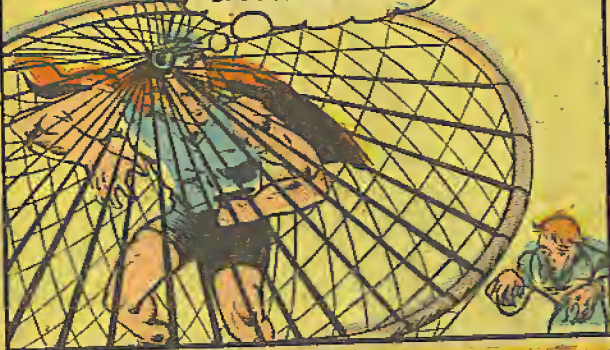
THERE ARE MY LITTLE PETS, DOLL MAN! YOU'LL GET BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH THEM IN A MINUTE!

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU SAY THAT!





THEY CAN'T REACH ME UP
HERE FOR A MOMENT! MAYBE
I CAN UNTIE THE STRING
THAT HOLDS THIS NET
SHUT AT THE TOP!



YOU ONLY PROLONG THE
SPORT, DOLL MAN! IF
THEY MISS THEIR
VICTIM, THEY WILL
CLIMB TO REACH
HIM!

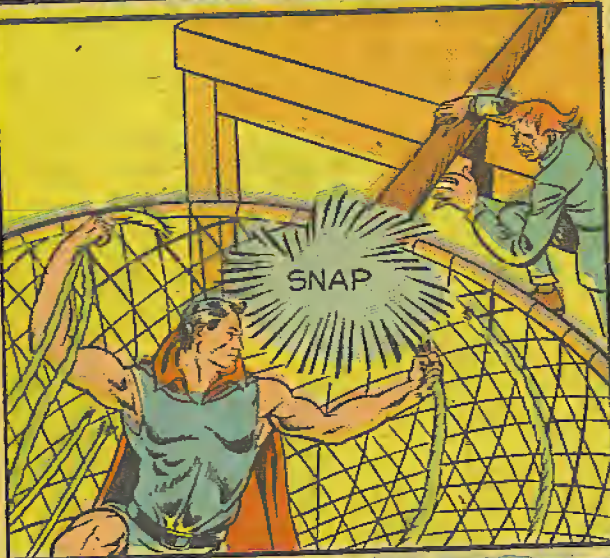


FROM MY
POINT OF VIEW,
THE LONGER
IT TAKES, THE
BETTER!

IN FACT, I DON'T
MIND IF THIS TAKES
ALL NIGHT!



SNAP



HE'S
LOOSE!

SO IS YOUR
MIND--BUT I'LL
GET TO THAT
A BIT
LATER!



IT DOESN'T MATTER!
THE DOORS AND
WINDOWS ARE
LOCKED! SOONER
OR LATER YOU'LL
'GROW TIRED--
AND THEY'LL
GET YOU!

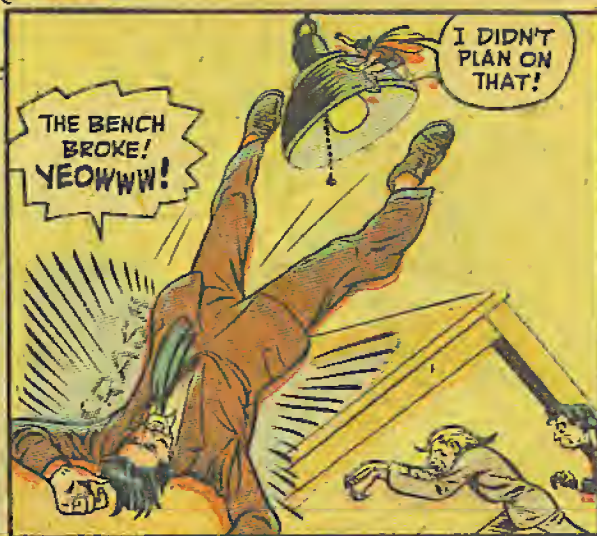
YOU MEAN
THEY'LL FOLLOW
WHEREVER
I GO?



EVEN
UP HERE
WITH
YOU?

YIIIII! GET DOWN!
IF THEY START UP
HERE, THEY'LL TEAR
ME TO PIECES,
TOO!

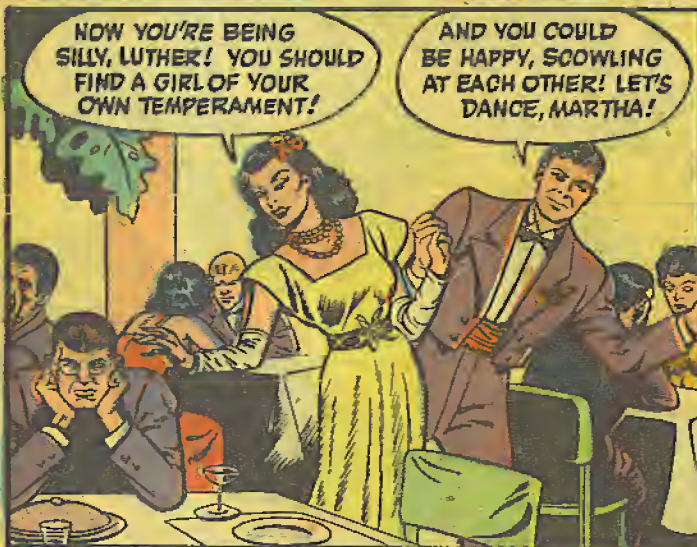
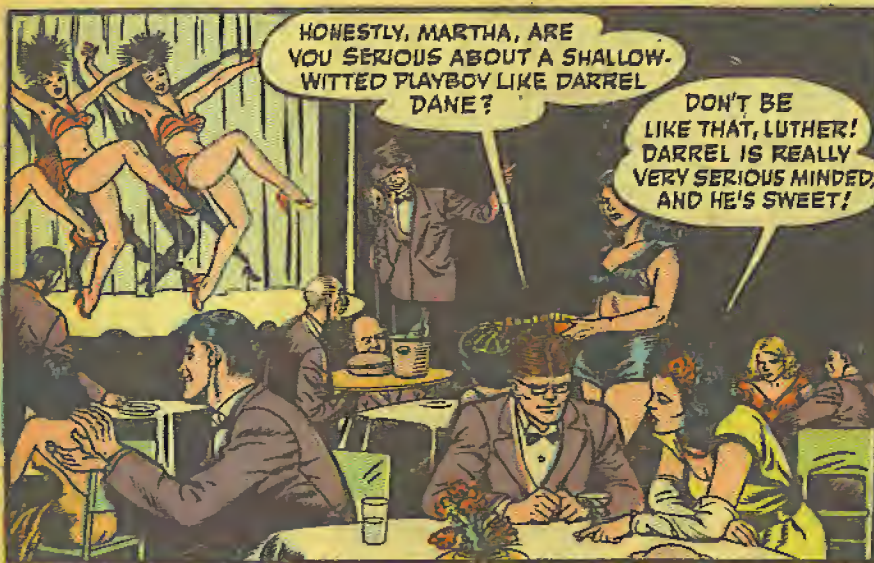




The DOLL MAN



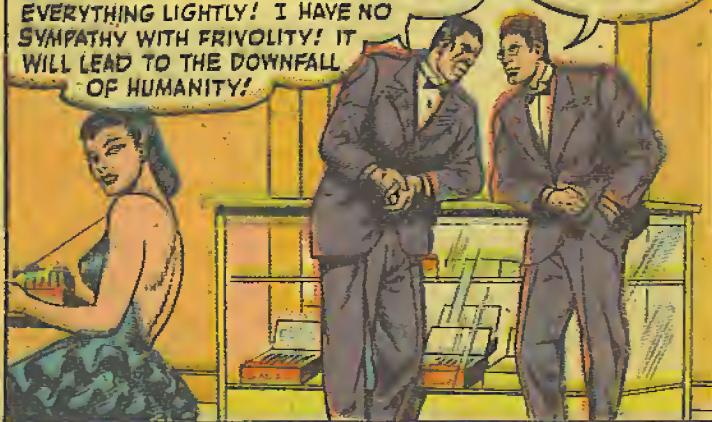
*The DOLL MAN, terrible atom of destruction,
again meets a master of DEATH...
The Man Called GRIM!*



Excusing himself, Luther meets the stranger....

I WANT TO HELP YOU, BECAUSE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT SERIOUS THINGS AND THAT OTHER FELLOW SEEMS TO TAKE EVERYTHING LIGHTLY! I HAVE NO SYMPATHY WITH FRIVOLITY! IT WILL LEAD TO THE DOWNFALL OF HUMANITY!

WHAT'S YOUR PLAN FOR ME, MR. GRIM?



WHEN YOU LEAVE, GET YOUR PARTY TO PASS THE DARK ALLEYWAY TWO BLOCKS DOWN! I'LL GATHER SOME FRIENDS WHO'LL PRETEND TO ATTACK-- SLAP DOWN THAT WEAK RIVAL OF YOURS -- PRETEND TO KIDNAP THE GIRL!

YOU THINK I'D PERMIT THAT?



OF COURSE NOT! YOU'LL COME TO HER RESCUE --- WE'LL LET YOU DRIVE US AWAY! THEN SHE'LL KNOW WHICH OF YOU TWO IS A WORTHY SUITOR!

VERY WELL, MR. GRIM, DEPEND ON ME TO BE THERE! AND THANKS!



Later...

COME THIS WAY! WE'LL GET A TAXI ON THE AVENUE BEYOND!

HERE THEY COME!



CLUB THAT FELLOW! WE DON'T WANT HIM!

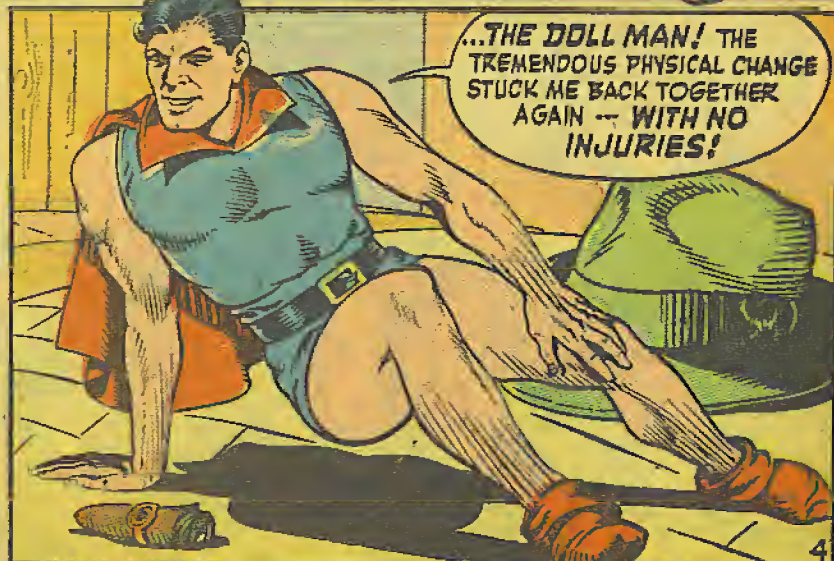
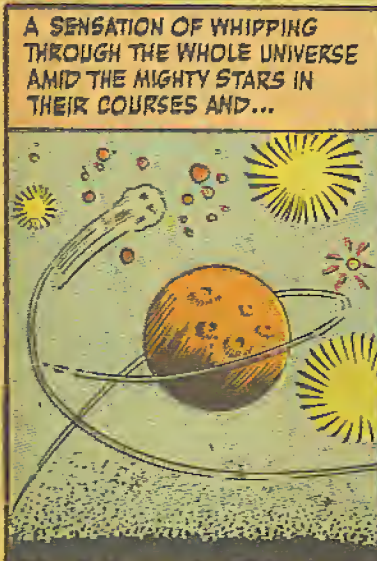
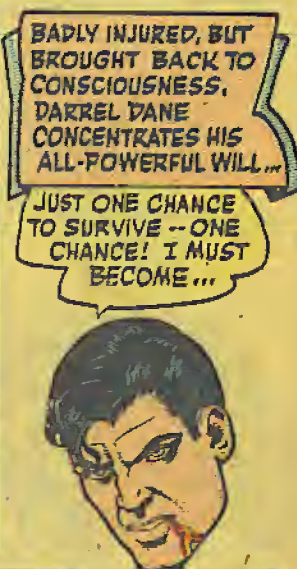
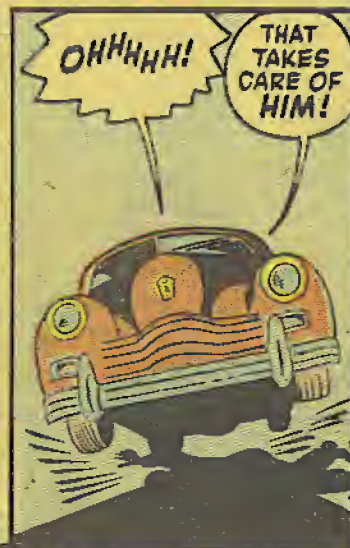
DARREL'S HURT, LUTHER! HELP HIM!

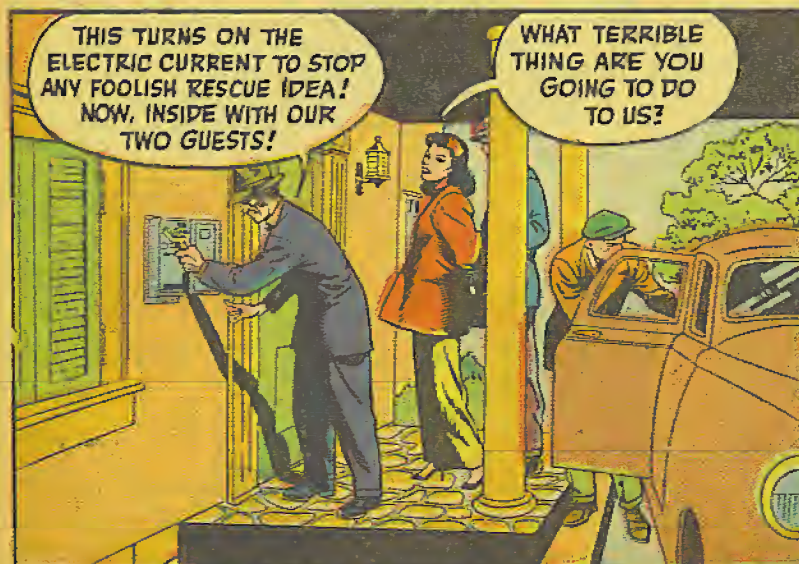
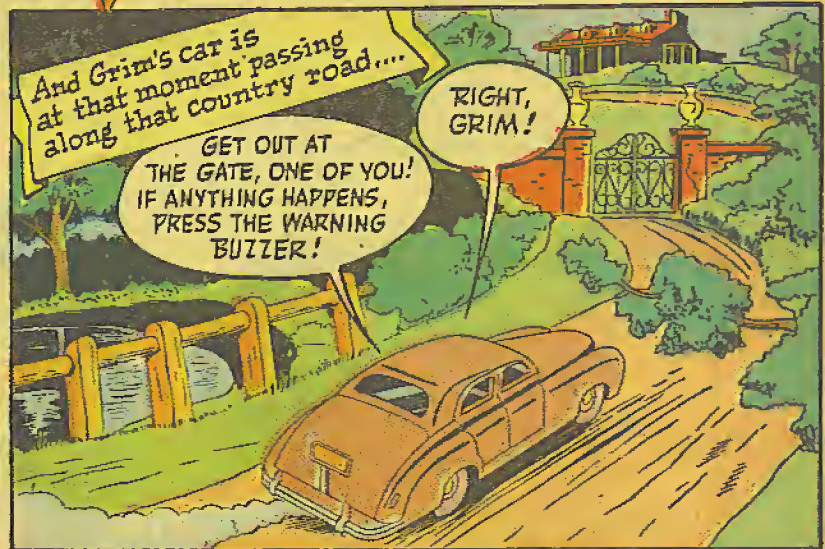
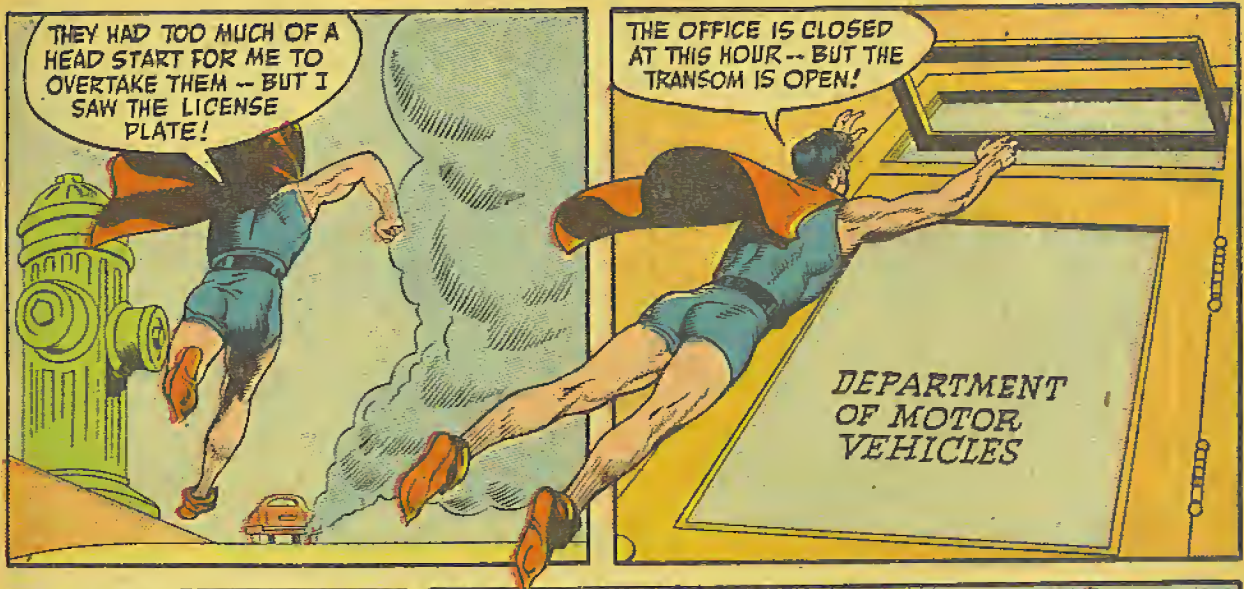


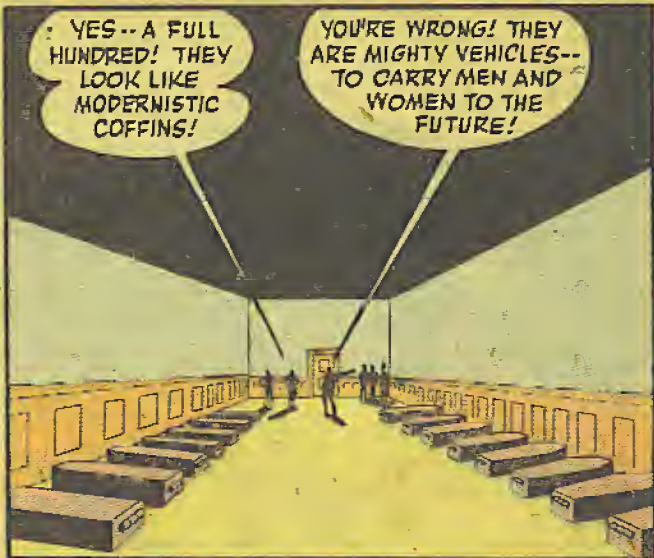
I'LL SHOW YOU --- HUUHHH!

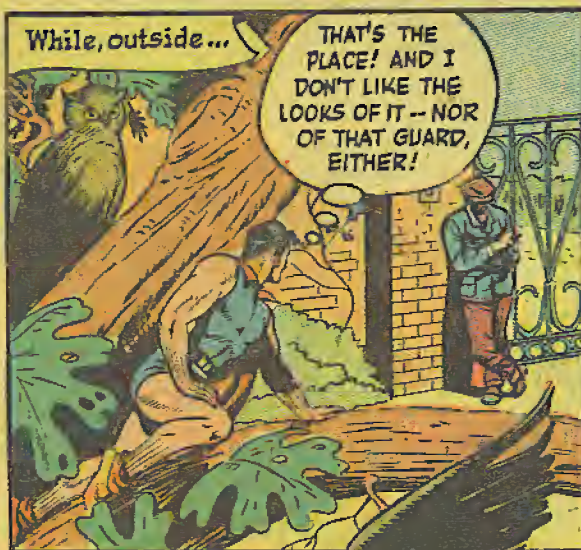
GRAB HIM, ALL OF YOU! HE'S A SPLENDID SPECIMEN!

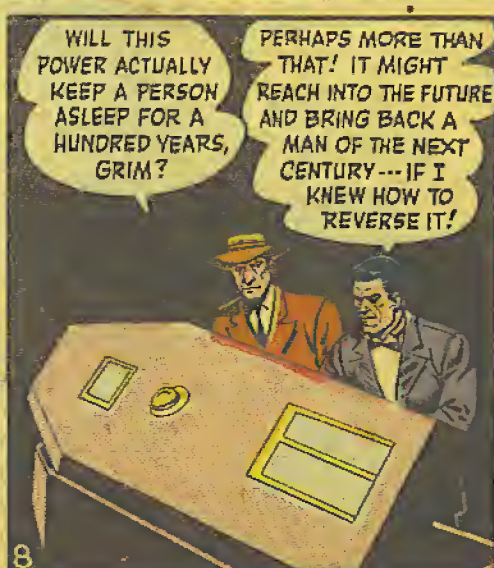


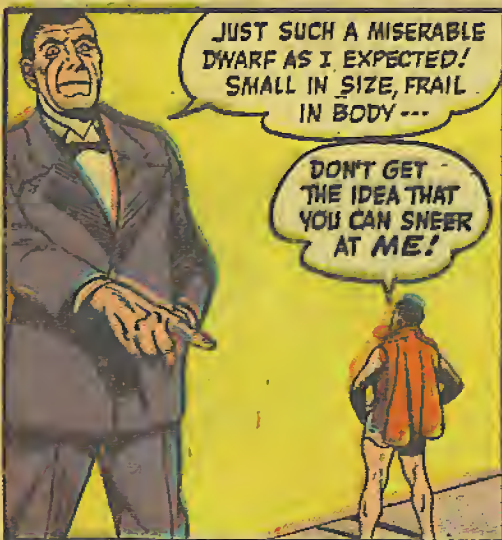


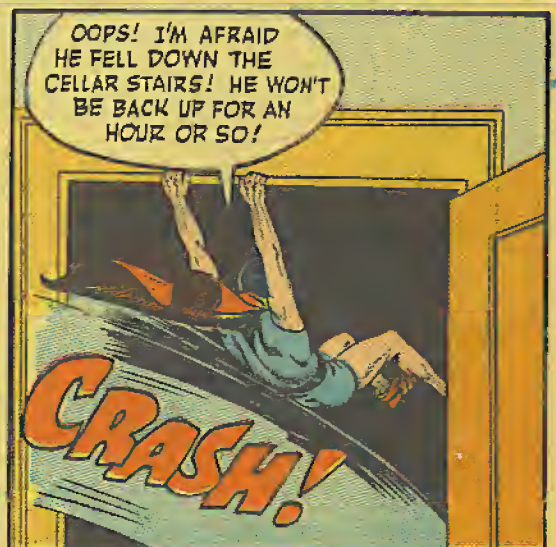
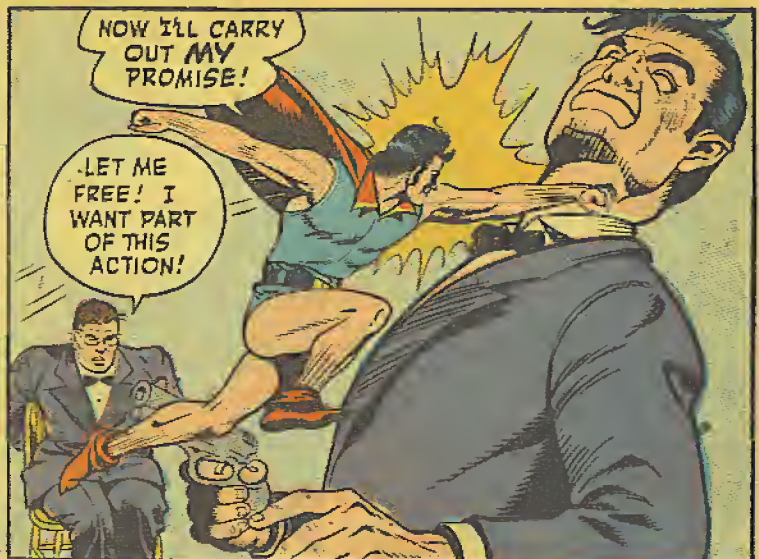


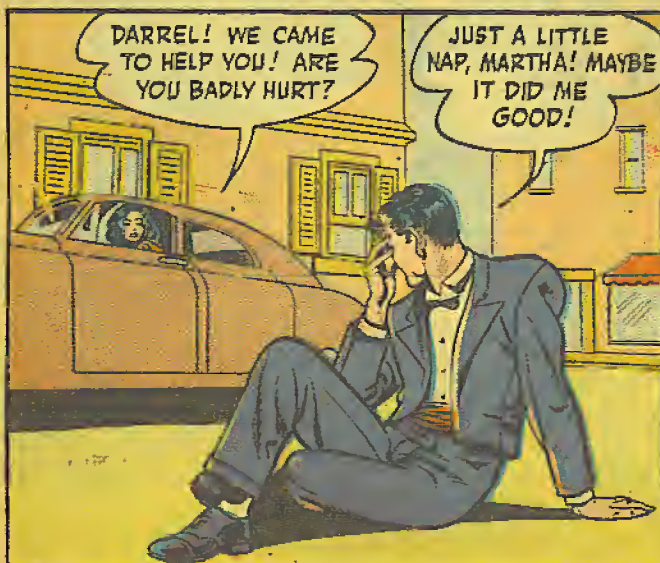
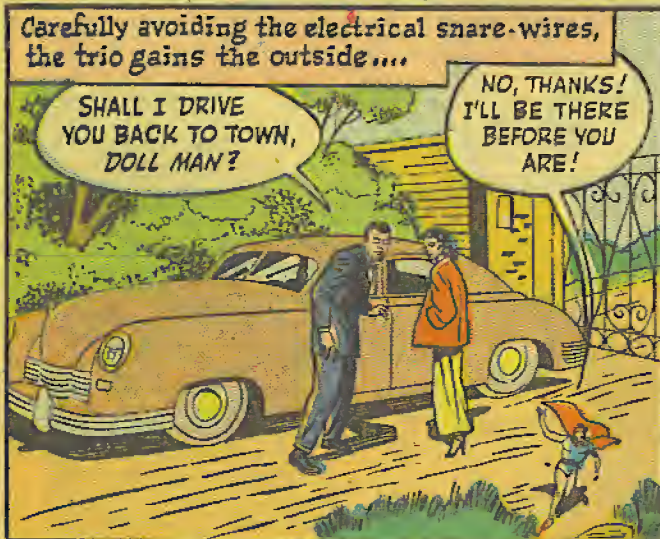
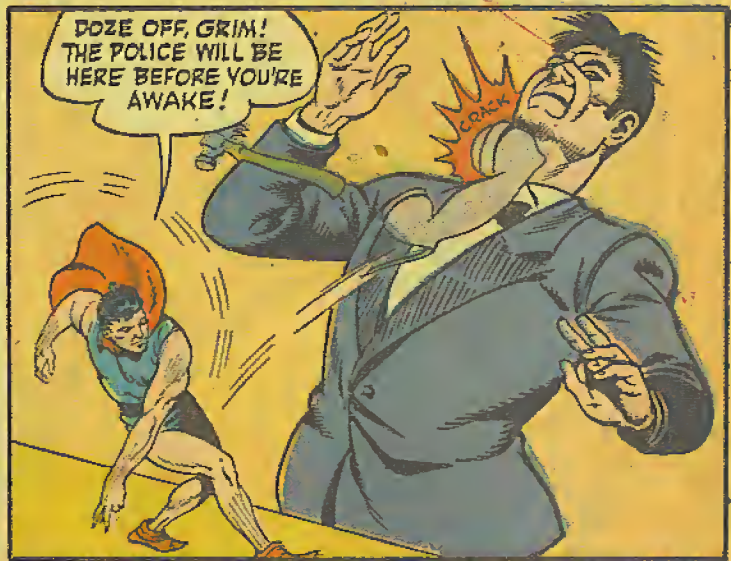












MARTHA



WHY was the life mask of jurymen Randolph so strangely mutilated? Nothing was touched --except the ears! For some perverse reason, the ears were destroyed!

You'll have fun trying to guess the answer with Martha Roberts as she attempts to solve

The Riddle of the Missing Ears!

Underneath the plaster of paris cast is Martha Roberts, Darrel Dane's fiancée...

MADemoiselle weel make a mos' interesting subject!

I've never had a life mask made before!



HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO MAKE THE IMPRESSION?

NOT VER' LONG, MADemoiselle! ZEN I weel perfect it--AND CAST ZE BEAUTIFUL LIKENESS! ZEN ZE WIG AND ZE FLESH COLORING!



VOILA! I PROMISE EET weel look more like you than you do! DE LANDRY'S LIFE MASKS ARE FAMOUS FOR ZE ACCURACY IN EVERY DETAIL!



SOMEONE CAME IN! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!



WHY, THAT'S TRIGGER ZERLIN!

WHAT EES IT YOU WANT?

JUST STAY OUT OF THE WAY! START SEARCHING, BOYS!



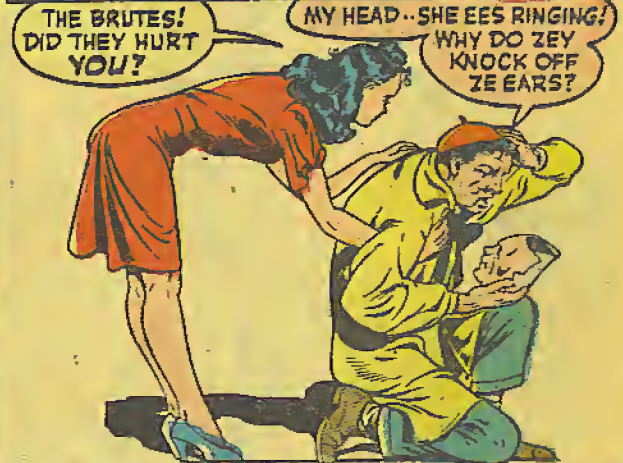
I FOUND IT!

I MUST DELIVER ZAT LIFE MASK TODAY! PUT EET DOWN!

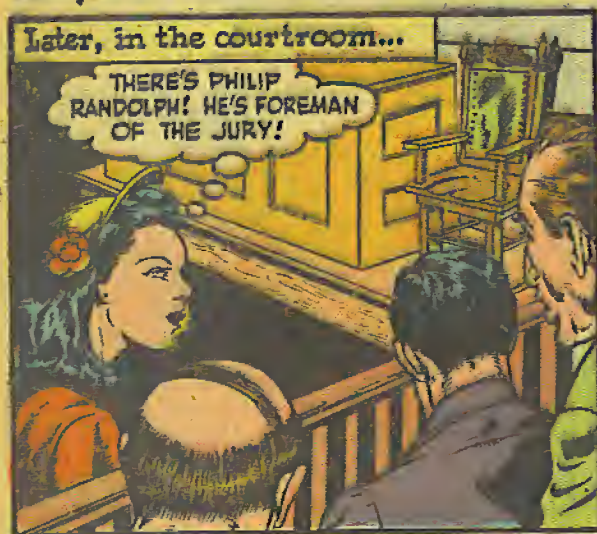
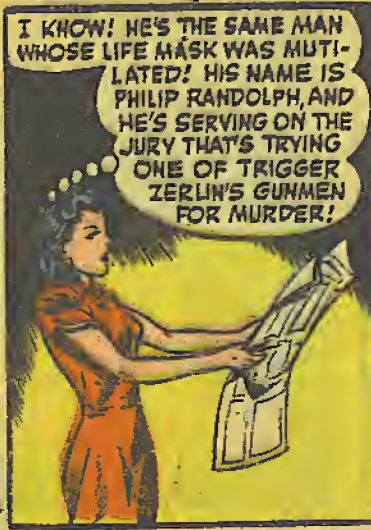


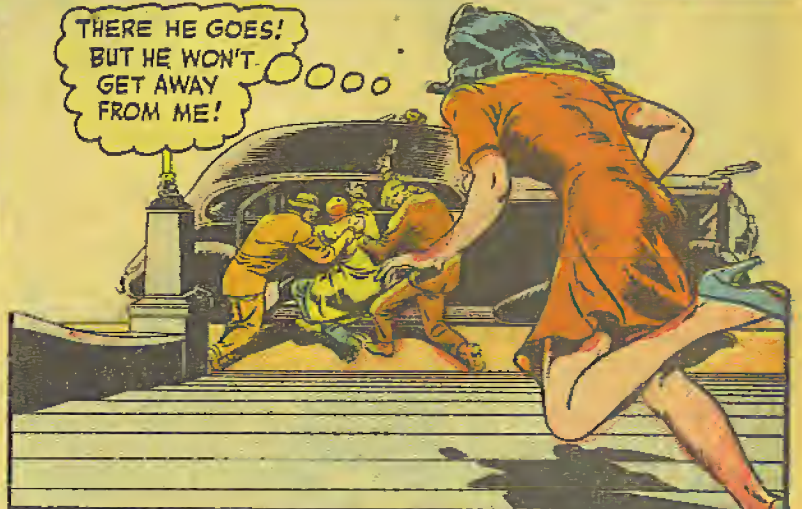
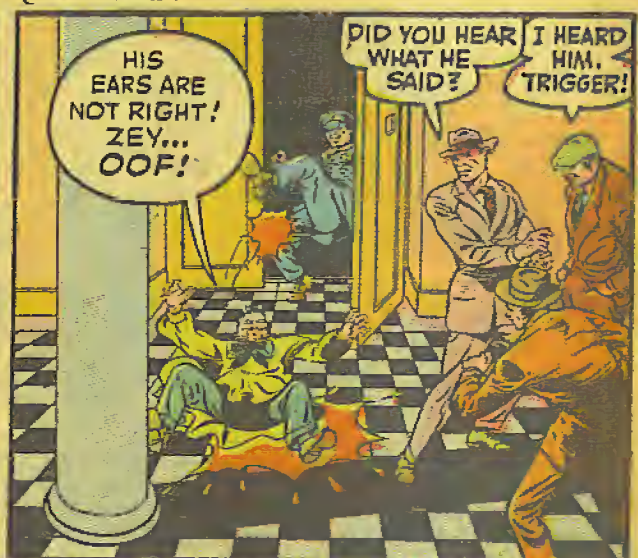
DON'T START TROUBLE, FRENCHY!

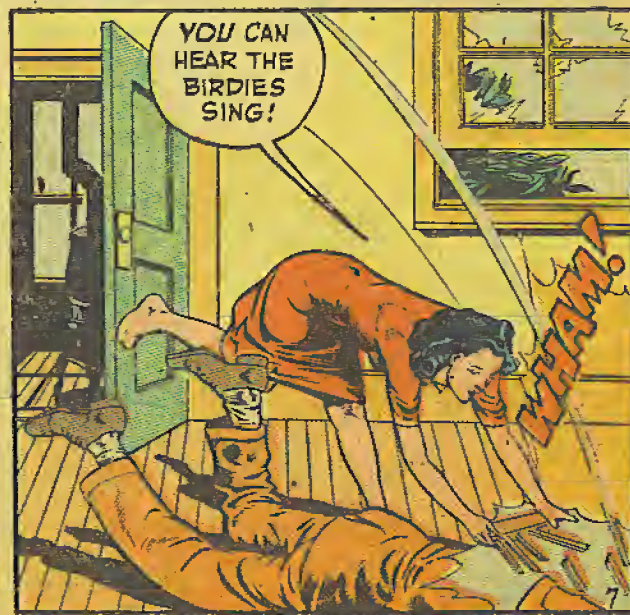
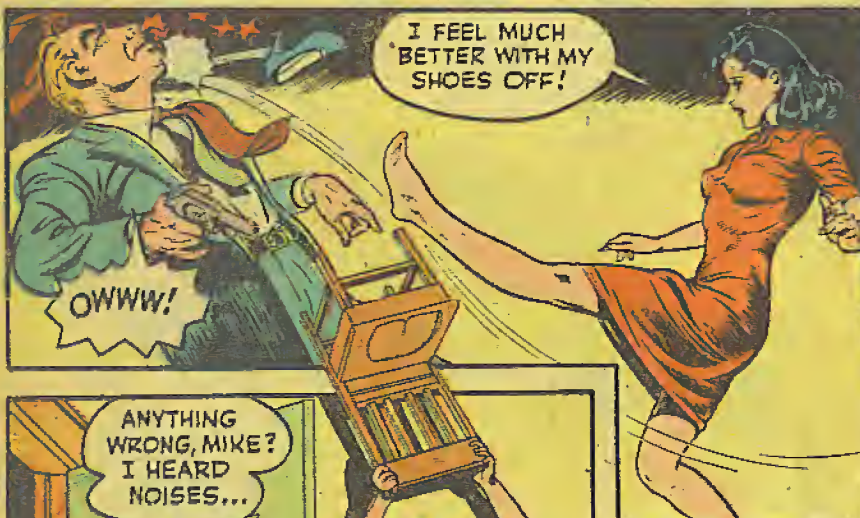












Later, as a crowded courtroom awaits the verdict...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT NOT...

NO, YOU DON'T!

THIS IS THE REAL PHILIP RANDOLPH, YOUR HONOR! THE FOREMAN OF YOUR JURY IS A FAKE!

GOOD HEAVENS!

DON'T LET ZERLIN GET AWAY! HE'S THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS SCHEME!

When the conspirators have been taken to jail...

HIS HENCHMAN THREATENED—IF FOUND GUILTY—TO INVOLVE ZERLIN! SO ZERLIN PLANTED ONE OF HIS OWN MEN ON THE JURY TO MAKE SURE THERE WOULDN'T BE A GUILTY VERDICT! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WASN'T REALLY PHILIP RANDOLPH?

I DIDN'T KNOW! BUT THEY WERE AFRAID DE LANDRY'S LIFE MASK WOULD GIVE AWAY A SECRET! SO—

THE PLASTIC SURGEON CHANGED THE DOUBLE'S FACE TO LOOK LIKE RANDOLPH! BUT HE COULDN'T CHANGE HIS EARS! AND HUMAN EARS ARE JUST LIKE FINGERPRINTS—THERE ARE NO TWO EXACTLY ALIKE!

ZE DE LANDRY LIFE MASKS ARE FAMOUS FOR ZE ACCURACY IN EVERY DETAIL!

I SEE! ZERLIN FEARED SOMEONE WOULD COMPARE RANDOLPH'S PICTURE AND HIS LIFE MASK AND SO DISCOVER THEIR SCHEME! THAT'S WHY THEY... UH... KNOCKED THE EARS OFF THE MASK!

A MOST UNUSUAL CASE! YOU SHOULD BE A DETECTIVE, YOUNG LADY!

IT IS AN EXCITING LIFE! BUT THERE ARE DRAWBACKS! I DON'T THINK, FOR EXAMPLE, THAT I SHALL EVER LOOK AT ANYBODY'S EARS IN QUITE THE SAME WAY AGAIN!

One-Eye Gets His Man

THE two white men paddled madly down the roaring stretch of white water. The Rat River was at its worst. Banning, in the bow of the canoe, and Russel, his companion, handled the blades as if they knew all about it. They did.

They knew about something else, too. They had killed a man. They had killed him in cold blood, while he slept. Now they were getting away with the gold they had stolen from him.

Banning kept tossing affrighted looks over his shoulder. Russel scoffed at such tactics. Who was there to put the finger on them? Nobody except an Indian or two knew that they had even been in the north. The Indians didn't matter.

The two men paddled until it grew too dark to see the shores of the river, then they slid into a deep bank where the trees stood thick, and beached their craft.

In a moment they had a small fire going, just enough to cook their evening meal. It would not do to build a roaring fire, even though it was rather cold for summer; no sense guiding anybody to their camp.

While Russel prepared the meal, Banning cleaned their rifles, saw that they were well oiled and loaded, and then cut some balsam boughs for their bedrolls. One of them would have to remain awake through part of the night, then the other must take over. Take no chances, that was Banning's motto.

The man these two men had killed was Pete DePaw, a half breed Frenchman trapper who had stumbled upon a rich vein of gold while running his trapline. Pete had talked one evening in a Post. Banning had heard and, being what he was, laid plans to do away with Pete and take his gold.

Banning had taken his partner into the deal. Russel was for taking the gold but he was much against killing. But a strange thing had happened after they had knifed Pete DePaw. Banning had done the actual murdering. But Russel, from a rather fearful, law-abiding chap, had become the cold-blooded one, scoffing at Banning for his casting glances backward.

Banning couldn't figure out Russel. Banning was an old hand on the northern trails; Russel was comparatively new. Both had unsavory backgrounds, Banning having been in prison once for manslaughter in the States. He didn't know much about Russel.

One-Eye, a Cree Indian, had found Pete lying in a weller in his cabin, the knife sticking out of his back. He quickly took in the scene. One-Eye knew that Pete had gold stashed in his cabin; he had seen it. Now there was only a bare hole in the floor.

Indian-like, One-Eye began a minute search of the Frenchman's premises. First he looked for tracks, but there were none since the ground was hard frozen. His sharp one eye scanned the place with the thoroughness of a trained detective, but he found nothing. Not at first.

One-Eye kept at his job for a full hour. He had much patience. There was no hurry. The Red Coats should be notified of this crime, but he wanted first to pin the guilt upon someone; then he would go to headquarters with this information.

But One-Eye hadn't counted upon one thing: the law finding him in the dead man's cabin. Exactly that happened. One-Eye was caught, red-handed by one Inspector Rayson of the Royal Mounted.

"So, One-Eye," said the Mountie, "you're a murderer now. I always did say you'd do something that'd put you behind bars. This looks more like a rope around your neck."

"I not kill Pete, Inspector," said the Indian quietly. "I find him dead here and try to find who kill him."

The inspector didn't like One-Eye, the Indian being too clever for his own good. He was, in the Mountie's eyes, a trouble-maker albeit a good trapper. One-Eye always had the best traplines.

"Well, One-Eye, let's move along."

"I come," said the Indian, "but I not kill Pete. You see."

One-Eye was lodged in the tiny cell at the Post pending the arrival of officers from headquarters toward the south. He fretted inside.

Outwardly he was calm. Because he knew that he wouldn't stay in that cell long. Once on the trail he would have ample opportunity of getting away. . . .

He didn't have to wait long. A day later, several officers arrived from the south to take him back for trial. One-Eye asked for one thing before going with the Mounties, that was permission to look over Pete's cabin once more.

"Sure, why not?" said one of the officers. "Murderers always want to visit the scene of their crimes. Let's go!"

They went back to Pete's cabin, and one of them entered with him. Things were as they had been. Nothing had been touched. Pete's body had been removed and that was all. One-Eye fell to his knees and studied the floor very carefully. At last, in the pile of earth he was rewarded. He saw what he wanted to see. Rising, he said he was ready.

It was a long sledge trek south to headquarters. The dogs were fresh and they made good time. Mile after mile slipped backward. All the time One-Eye thought and thought. He had an idea, but how was he going to execute it? His suspicions were now confirmed, but there was no way to convince the Mounties. Yes, there was one way, but it loomed as a near-impossibility. Maybe something would happen. . . .

A storm blew up within the next mile and the blasts ripping down over the tundras obliterated their trail. The snow came fast, stinging the men's faces like backshot. One-Eye plodded along on his tamarack snowshoes, two officers in front and one behind him. It was during such a storm that a getaway might be effected.

One-Eye watched his chance. Then, during a particularly violent blast of wind and snow, he slipped away across the fast-piling snow and was lost in the night. His disappearance was discovered soon afterward but there was nothing the men could do. Tracks vanished almost as soon as they were made.

One-Eye made haste, in the long-striding, tireless fashion of the northern Indians, and he put many miles between himself and the Mounties. He was free!

Yet not for freedom alone had One-Eye made his escape. There was something else. He knew that he'd be picked up sooner or later. But he had an idea that if things worked out as he hoped, the law would not want him.

The storm grew worse and it became terribly

cold. One-Eye kept on, breathing hard but not tiring.

It was toward morning when Banning awoke and raised his head from the snow covered sleeping bag. The fire was still blazing; they had piled on a great heap of boughs. Russell slept not far away.

Suddenly Banning heard a cry. He heard his name called out in French. He jerked erect, going for his gun. It was frost covered and he feared to use it because a frosted gun sometimes bursts when fired. But there went the call again. Banning! Who could it be?

An apparition abruptly appeared at the edge of the trees, not twenty feet away from the two men.

"You killed me!" came the weird voice. "You murdered me in cold blood! I am here to haunt you!"

"Russell!" screamed Banning. "Wake up, Russell!"

The other man stirred, sat up. When he saw the figure not far away he gave a gasp: "Pete DePaw!"

"You fool!" shouted Banning. "It ain't Pete. Pete's dead!"

"I am dead, yes," came the tired voice. "You killed me. But I'll haunt you the rest of your lives!"

"Russell!" shouted Banning. "Shoot him. Shoot him!"

Banning grabbed his gun out and pulled the trigger a moment before Russell grabbed his hand. "Are you crazy?"

But the deed was done. Banning's gun exploded and half of Banning's hand vanished in the blast. A piece of steel struck him on the forehead and he fell backwards on his sleeping bag, out.

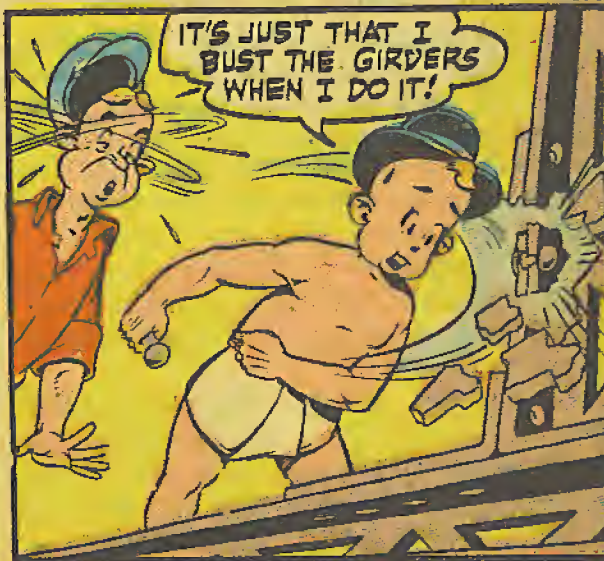
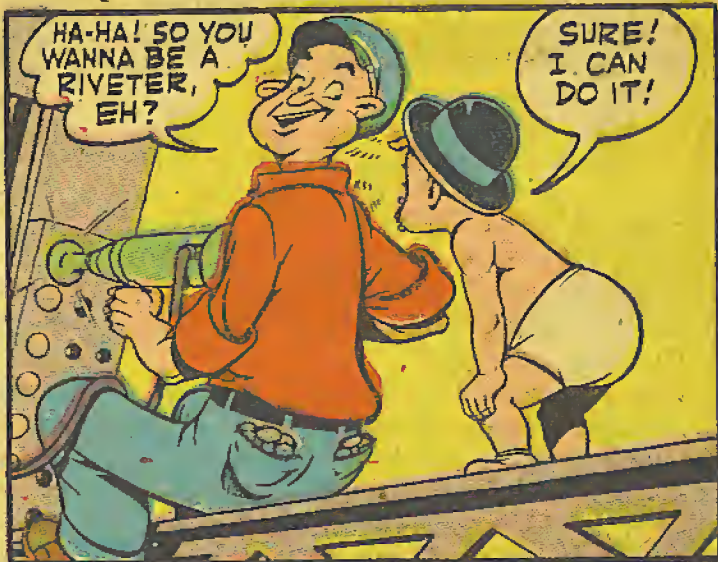
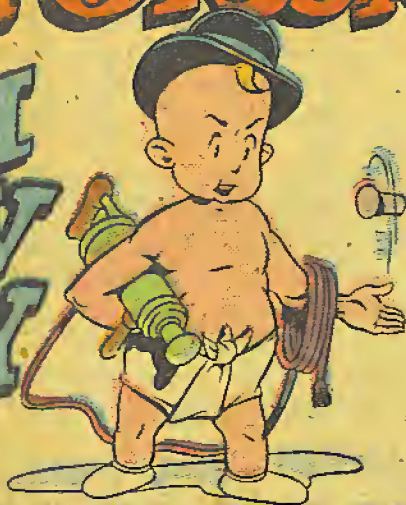
The figure rushed forward, rifle aimed. "Hold it, Russell!" It was One-Eye. "I found a footprint of a factory shoe in the dirt of Pete's Boot. I knew it was one or both of you."

One-Eye tied up Russell and then Banning, who was still unconscious. Then he went in search of the Mounties. He found them an hour later, slowly making their way towards the murderers' campfire, which they had seen earlier.

They soon had a confession from Russell and the two men, one of them badly injured, were on their way south to the trial. One-Eye was happy.

POISON

IVY



The

Doll Man



To **SPORT GURK**, everything was an exciting gamble! He'd bet a man's life on the flip of a coin!

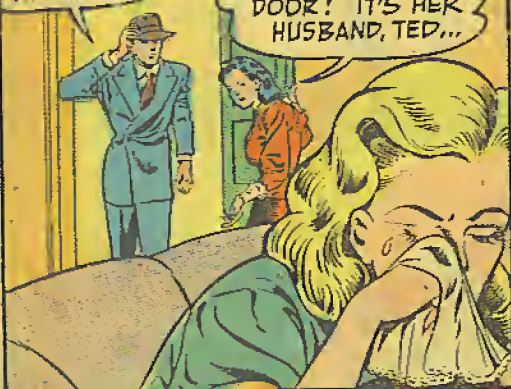
But when he quit matching pennies and started matching **WITS** with **The DOLL MAN**, he found a two-headed quarter wasn't enough to uphold his reputation as...

The GOOD SPORT!

Almost every evening Darrel Dane calls on his fiancée, Martha Roberts...

HELLO, MARTHA! HEY, WHAT'S WRONG?

COME IN, DARREL! YOU REMEMBER MRS. FERRIS, NEXT DOOR! IT'S HER HUSBAND, TED...



HE'S BEEN ACTING ODD LATELY! AND HE SPENDS EVERY NIGHT AT THAT SPORT CLUB PLACE!

SHE'S AFRAID HE'LL LOSE HIS JOB AT THE BANK IF THEY HEAR ABOUT IT! THAT'S A GAMBLING CLUB!



I'D HATE TO SEE TED IN TROUBLE! I'LL GO DOWN AND HAVE A TALK WITH HIM AT THE SPORT CLUB!

OH, IF YOU WOULD, I'D BE SO GRATEFUL! HE NEVER USED TO GO OUT AT NIGHT!



I'VE BEEN HOPING FOR AN EXCUSE LIKE THIS TO GET INTO THE SPORT CLUB! SPORT GURK NEEDS INVESTIGATING, IF RUMOR IS RIGHT!

SPORT CLUB



FROM WHAT I HEAR, HE HAS HIS FINGER IN PLENTY OF CRIME-PIES.. INCLUDING MURDER!



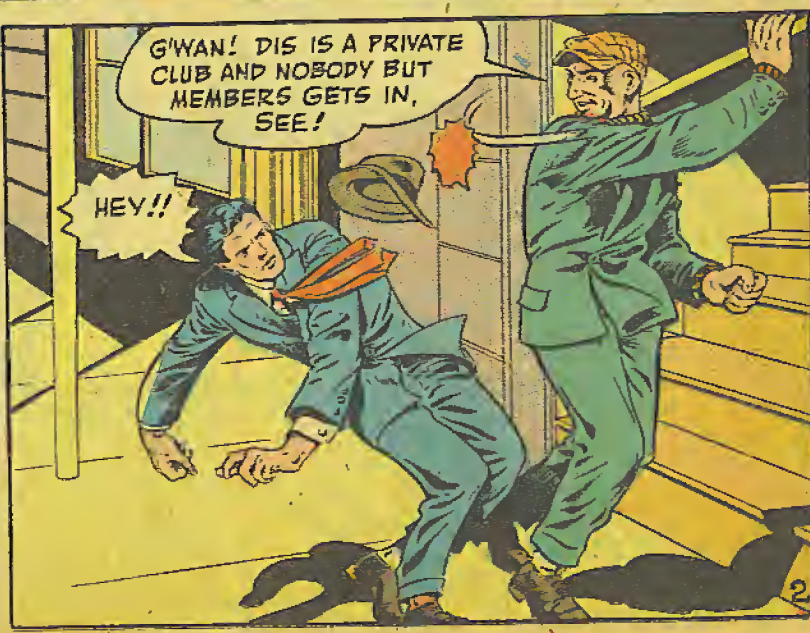
AWRIGHT, DOPEY.. WHERE D'YUH THINK YOU'RE GOIN'? DIS AIN'T DA PUBLIC LIBRARY!

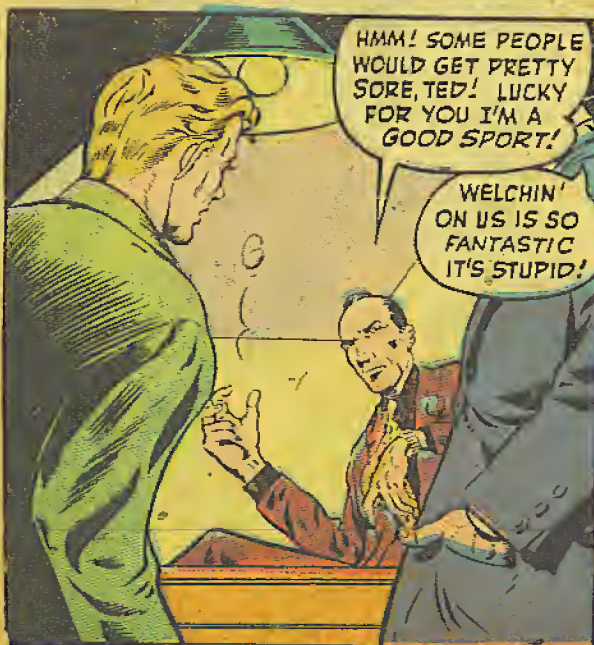
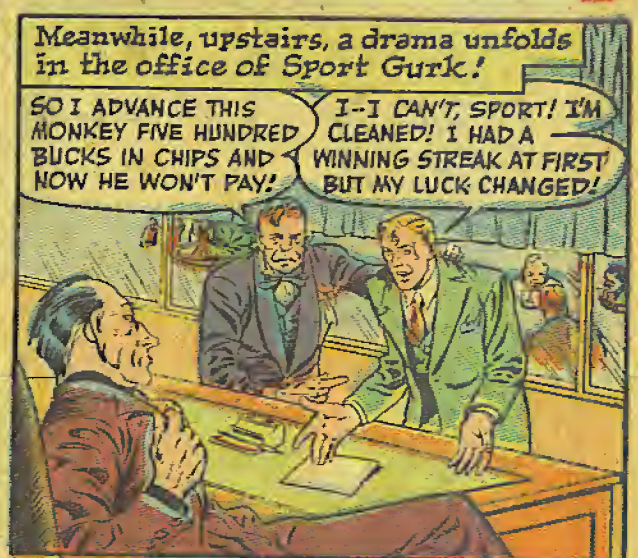
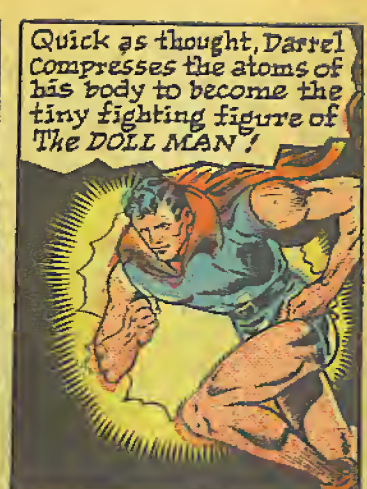
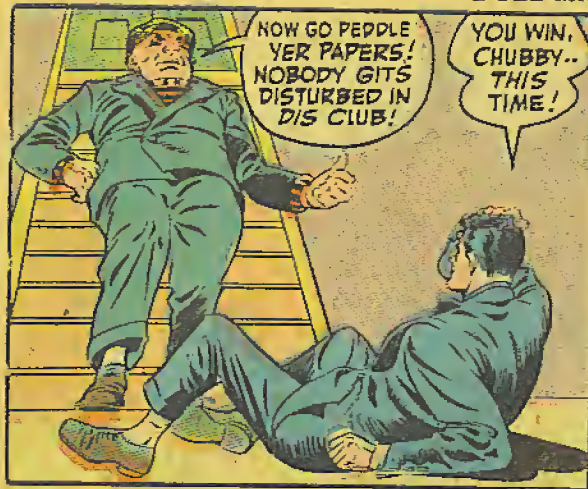
I WANT TO SEE A FRIEND, TED FERRIS, UPSTAIRS! HE---

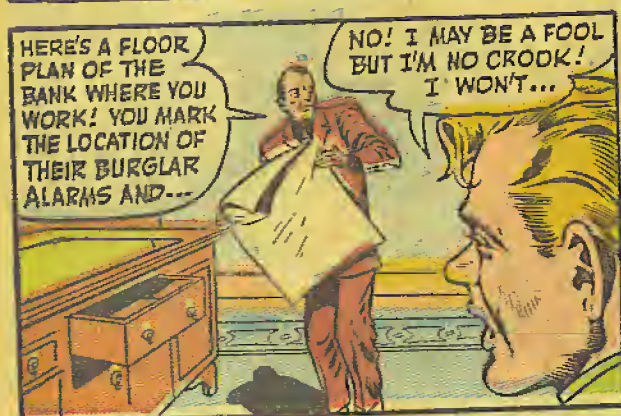


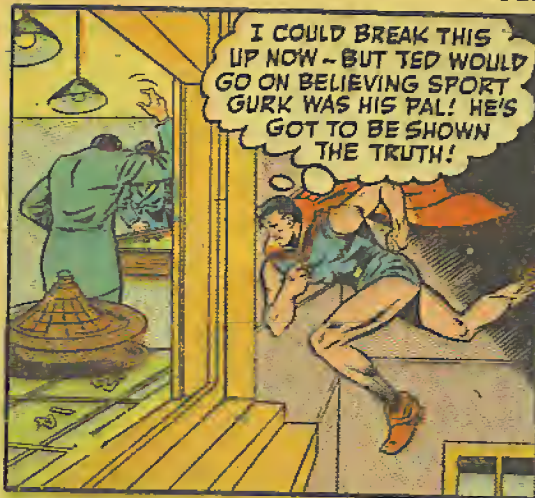
G'WAN! DIS IS A PRIVATE CLUB AND NOBODY BUT MEMBERS GETS IN, SEE!

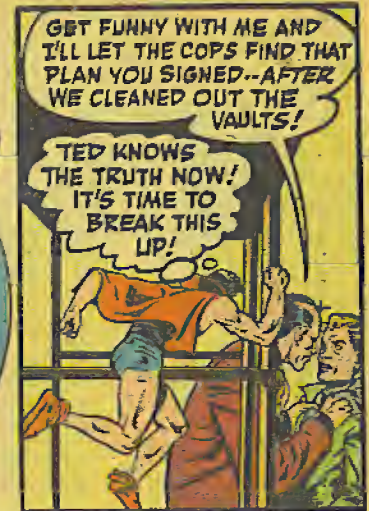
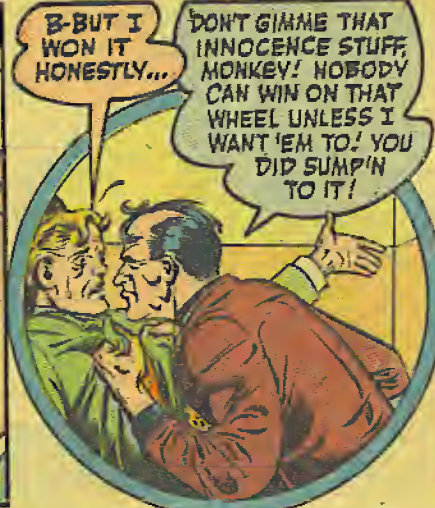
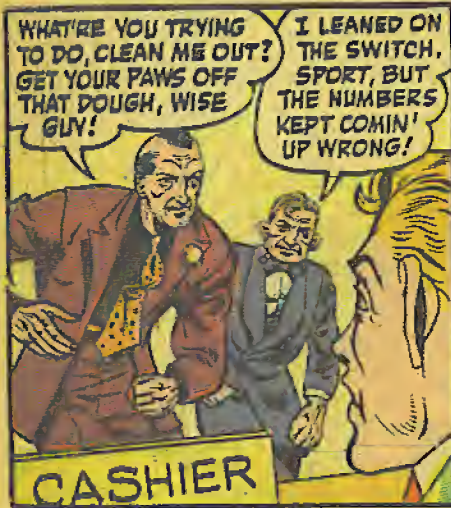
HEY!!

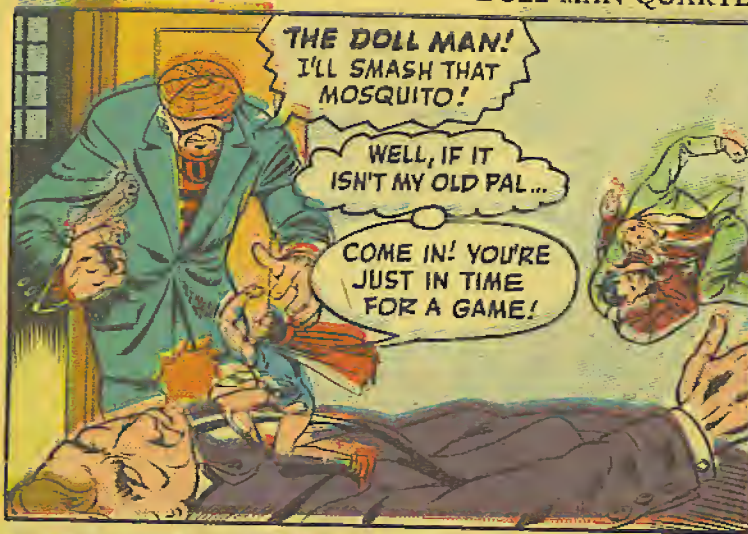


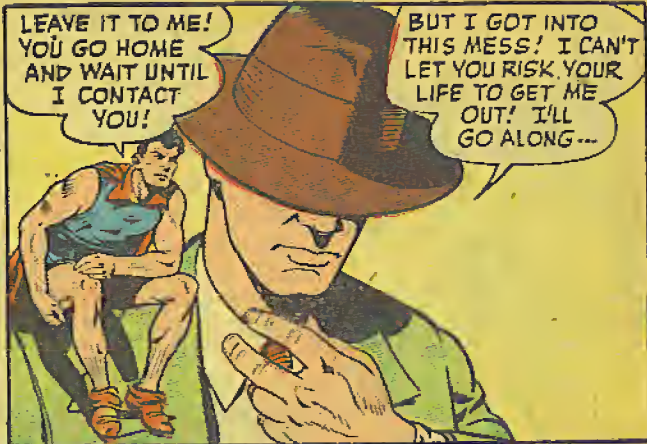
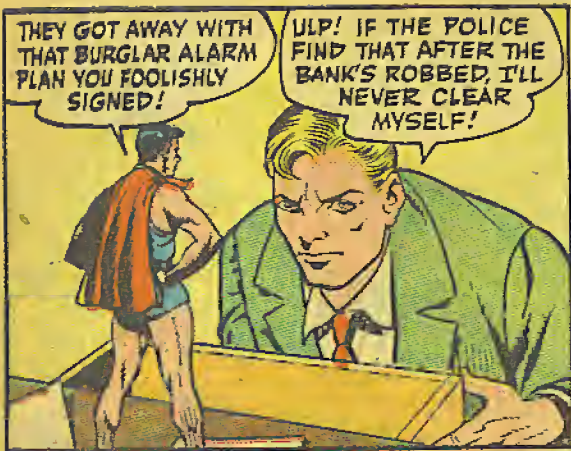








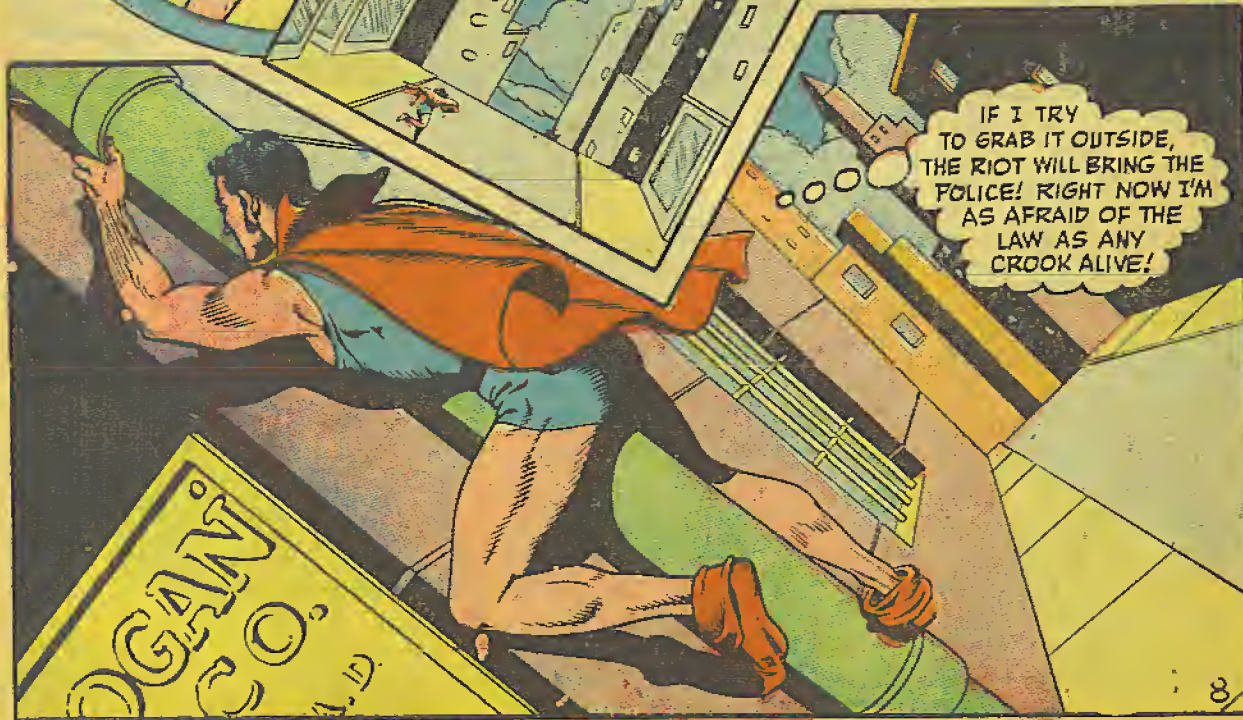


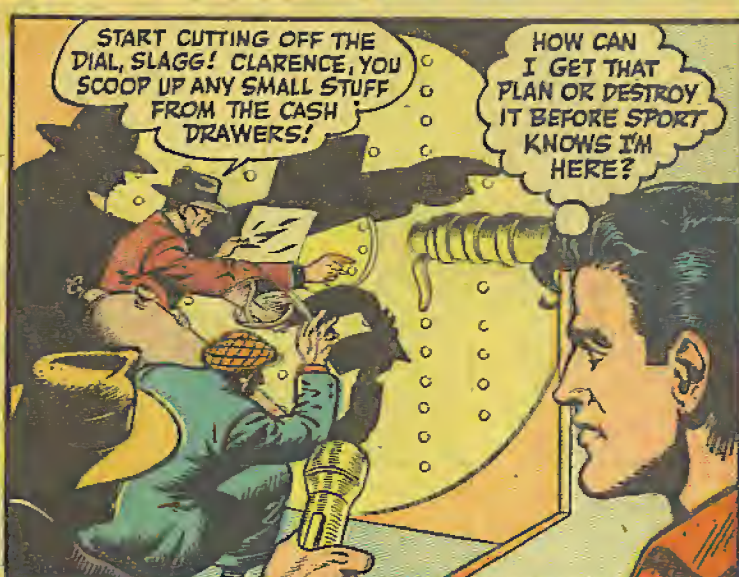


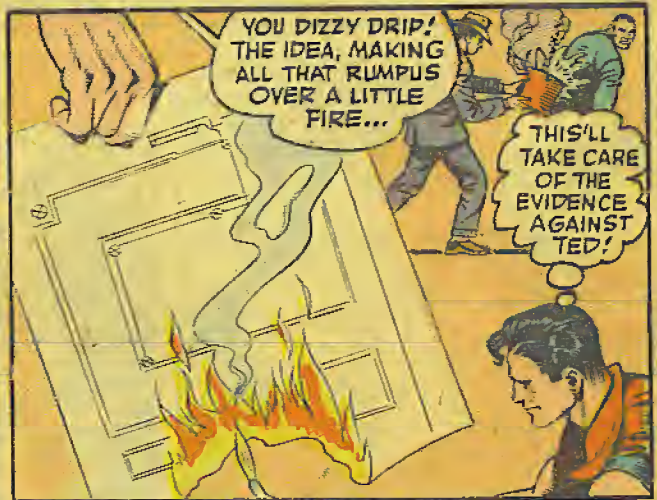
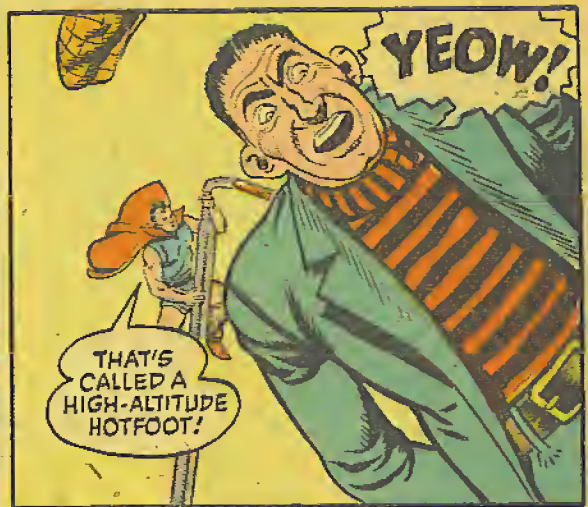
BUT IF THEY'RE CAUGHT WITH THAT PLAN ON THEM, THE POLICE WILL FIGURE TED WAS IN ON IT! HE'LL GO TO PRISON FOR SURE!



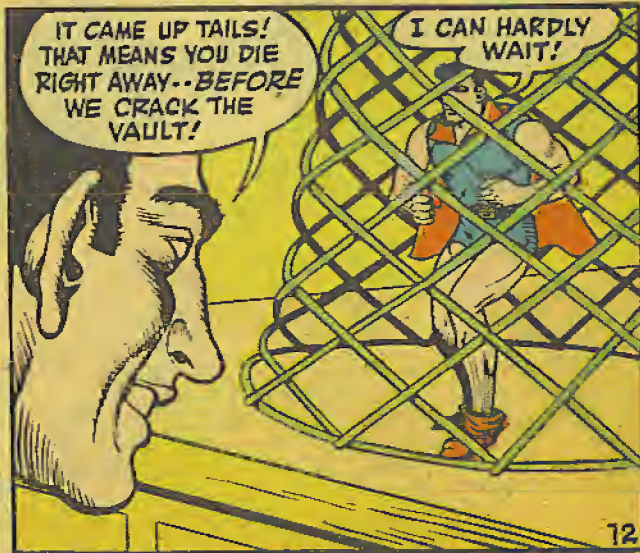
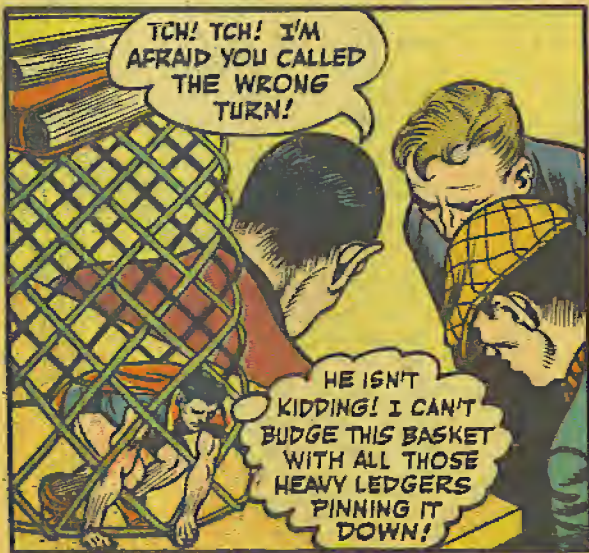
TED DOESN'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT! BY ERASING PART OF HIS PLAN, I MADE SURE SPORT AND HIS MEN WOULD SET OFF A BURGLAR ALARM!

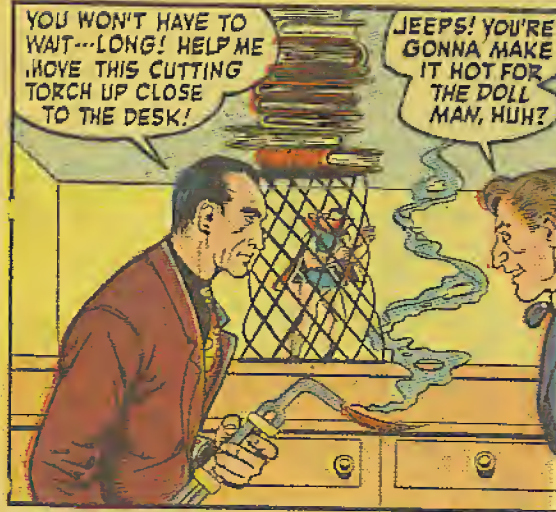


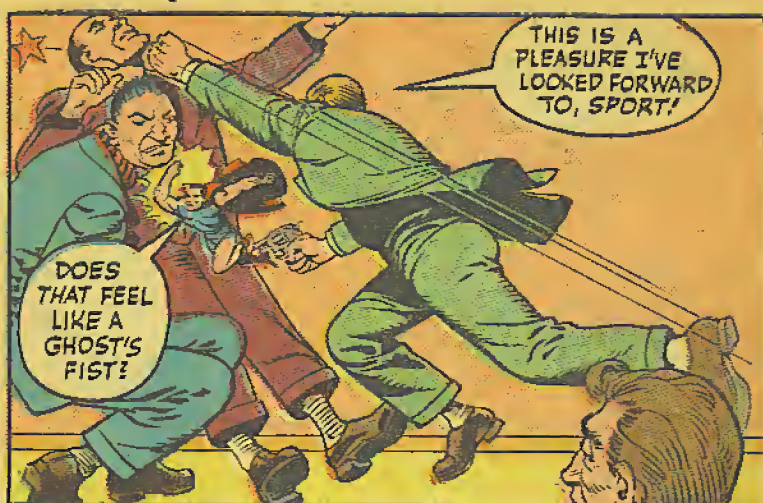












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16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



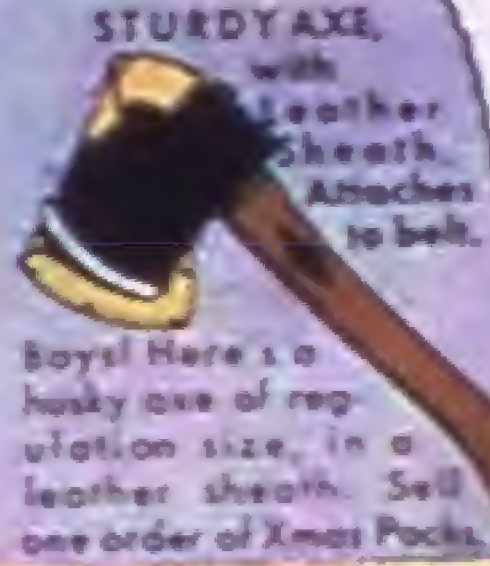
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